

Snowball Fight by coneygoil

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Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

El isn't fond of snow, but Mike helps her see that snow can be fun.

Snowball Fight

El is familiar with snow. The biting cold that numbed her hands and stung her nose; the crunch of the packed white carpet under her feet; huddling against the pitiful fire to take in an ounce of warmth. El's relationship with snow is marred, but that doesn't stop her when Mike coaxes her out of the cabin one afternoon after a 4 hour snowfall.

The kids trudge through the powdery white, the gentle grip of Mike's hand in hers drawing warmth to her chest. Mike glances a shy little smile her way. "Have you ever built a snowman?"

"Snowman?" At her bewildered response, Mike jumps into action showing her the basics of making a snowman.

El doesn't quite understand how they would build a person out of snow, but as it starts to take shape, she finds the fun in it. Mike grabs two twigs from nearby, sticking them in either side of the snowman's body as he explains the twigs are 'arms'.

They're on the hunt for anything that could be used for the face when a clump of snow splatters onto her boots. El knits her eyebrows together at the preposterous way the snow fell, but when she looks over her shoulder, Mike is busy gathering a ball of snow. He grins playfully, tossing the freshly made snowball her direction. It hits El's shoulder, her eyes shutting as cold flecks of snow bounce onto her face. Mike's mouth drops open, and he looks mighty surprised – and a bit proud - at hitting her square on. His surprise melts quickly into a laugh at El's deer-in-the-headlights expression.

From what she gathers, this is a game and she's more than ready to retaliate. She quickly scoops together her own snowball as she saw Mike doing. She's about to take aim when another clump of snow goes flying passed her, barely grazing the arm of her coat. She tosses the gathered snow, but Mike dodges the ball before he swings back to throw another one at her.

The game seem simple to El, and in no time, snowballs are flying and laughter is echoing off the trees. El learns that Mike doesn't have

good aim, but he gets in a few hits. El's aim is more accurate, even without her powers.

One of her snowballs explodes in Mike's face, and both kids freeze, like time had stopped. El can feel a smile forming and giggles erupt at the sight of Mike's dazed look. Flecks of white salt his dark hair, and he reaches to wipe the rest of the snow from his face.

A smile that's bright enough to melt the winter wonderland surrounding them breaks out on his lips. "I guess you win, El."

"What do I win?" she asks innocently.

Mike makes his way over to her, closing the space between them as his lips softly meet hers. El shyly watches their feet as he pulls away, and it's in that soft moment she smashes snow in Mike's face. At the same time as her sneak attack, she's jerking away at the cold wetness being flung into her own face.

The kids gaze at each other in a fit of giggles, their cheeks red and white flecks in their hair, and it's in that moment El resolves that snow isn't that bad.